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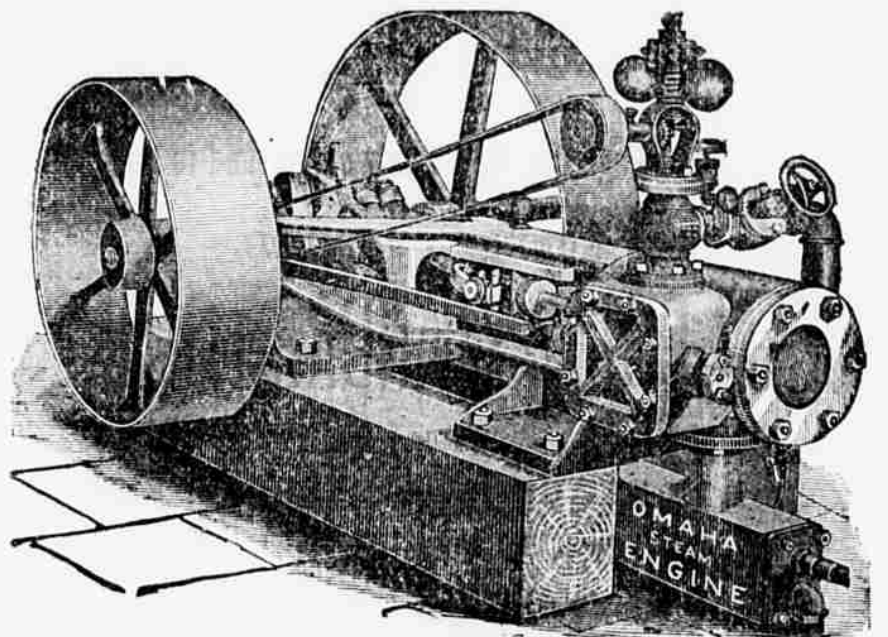
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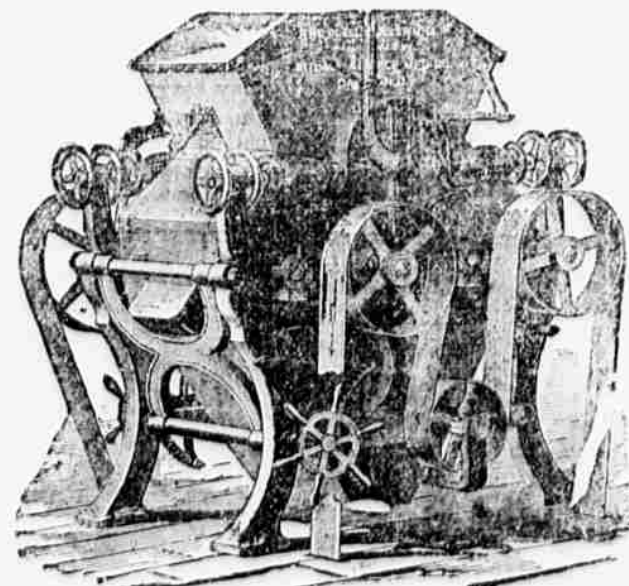
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### When Butler is Elected.

THE WORKMAN.  
Wait we, my friends, follow bravely,  
Until the skies grow brighter;  
When workmen shall not be slaves,  
And leaders' souls are whiter,  
Ah! we will bend our backs no more  
When what we're all expected  
Has come to pass—the golden hour  
When Butler is elected.

For then no more we'll delve and toil,  
Or hang the ringing anvil;  
But all the loads of tracks of soil—  
Each eases, gold-darned man will,  
Bold Ben will stick right to the rules  
The demagogues rejected,  
And what a precious pack of fools  
They'll look—when he's elected.

But we will fall in slippared ease,  
Mid splendors oriental,  
When Ben has crossed the stormy seas  
To victory incidental,  
Ah! how we'll laugh and howl, and hoop,  
At enemies dejected,  
We'll all go on a bloody toot—  
When Butler is elected.

### IN "O-BE-JOYFUL."

J. L. Harbour in the Chicago Current.

Shorty was my favorite stage-driver. Other name he must have had, but I had never heard it. He was an anomaly among stage-drivers, for he did not swear, he did not drink, he did not boast, he did not lie; and with all his rough exterior he had a fine inward grace and a manly dignity that lifted him far above most men of his class.

I know that a day of pleasure awaited me one June morning, when I had been so fortunate as to secure for myself a seat by Shorty's side for a ride over Red Mountain Pass.

In all my years of experience with stage drivers I had never met one who could so quickly detect, and so fully appreciate, the rare beauty and splendor of a mountain road as this homely, uncouth, ignorant Shorty.

He noted every light and shadow, every bit of glowing color, the flowers on the rocky road, the golden shadows of the narrow streams, the low-hung clouds that flooded the hills. The sunshine that came slanting down among the purple shadows or crowned the snow-white crests, the quivering leaves of the aspens, the gloom of the pines, the foamy sharp of the crystal streams breaking around and over the gray rocks, the growing splendor of the aster beds; the tranquil beauty of the mountain lakes—this man Shorty saw and rejoiced in all of it. His soul was lighted up by the majesty, the beauty and the grandeur of it all.

"I've heard them that've been born an' raised by the sea, an' kin never get like the sound of the waves. If they go away, they can't stay. They just can't live 'thout the murmur an' the music o' them sea waves, an' the feelin' the sea breezes gives a man."

"Now, I'd just naturally die if I had to go an' stay clean out o' sight o' these hills. I ain't no more o' gettin' kinder o' fella, but I heard of a man once, a callin', certain mountings the hills of his love, an' sir, that's just what these hills air to me—the hills of my love."

"I've tried goin' away, to what some folks call a 'civilized country,' but I didn't stay long; an' when I did I want to die right here, an' have the hillsides for my tomb, as that woman writ 'bout Moses."

Shorty was a garrulous man, but never talked when you wished he would not. He would stop short in the midst of the most animated discourse to enjoy in silence any special beauty in gulch or valley, or far up in the mountains.

"One gloomy day when the mist hid the ranges and gulch from our view, I asked Shorty to tell me some of his experiences. 'I am sure you must have had some strange ones,' I said.

"Oh, I don't know," Shorty modestly replied; "none to speak of, I reckon. I never killed a bear, nor killed a red-skin, nor nothin' o' that kind. I never even had highwaymen or foot-pads try to hold me an' my passengers up."

"But your story need not be, about any of these things to please me," I protested.

"Well, then, sir, I will tell you a bit of a yarn. You see the mouth of that gulch square ahead of us, an' not more'n a hundred yards off. You kin just make it out the mist. The sight of it reminds me o' somethin'. The 'Poor Man's Gulch.' There used to be a purty big camp 'bout two miles up that gulch. It was called O-Be-Joyful, but 't got to be a kind of o-be-sorrowful place to some of the boys fore they got out o' it."

"At one time I reckon there was as many as 2,000 people in and 'round O-Be-Joyful. It had a reg'lar hotel, for two or three months, an' folks thought it was going to put Leadville clean in the shade, an' there ain't a thing on earth there this day but a lot of old tumble-down cabins an' tunnels in which many a poor devil has buried the hope an' strength of his life.

I ketched on to a little sigh or two that she'd give.

"She set by me all the way to the camp, an' asked a good many questions 'bout this an' that, but hadn't a word to say 'bout herself or her plans. I managed to find out that she was goin' up there a total stranger to every man in the camp, as for bein' a stranger to the women—why, there wa'n't a livin' woman there yet.

"Well, the boys they give her a room in the best shanty they was up, an' I come away an' left her there.

"I got my wrist badly sprained goin' back next day, an' it was three weeks fore I druv up to O-Be-Joyful agin. Then I found the little woman, mistress o' the biggest boardin'-house and hotel in camp, an' the most popler woman there. Myra Claffitt's house was the house. She was Myra Claffitt to everybody, but some o' the boys was callin' her Aunt Myra.

"She'd run a stavin' good house. They wa'n't any two-ways 'bout that. They wa'n't anythin' slow 'bout Myra Claffitt or her table. Everybody was welcome whether they could pay or not. But the boys they see to it that every-body paid. It wouldn't o' been healthy for any one to try an' sneak out of it.

"I reckon the boys Claffitt was as good a woman as ever the Lord made. The boys in O-Be-Joyful got so they swore by her fairly. She had a kind of a way 'bout her that not one woman in a million has. A man couldn't do a thing she'd ask him not to do—anyhow I know I couldn't. I feel shamed to myself all my life if I did. Many's the row that woman broke up. I've seen men stripped for a fight an' all ready to buckle into each other with murder in their hearts; and when Myra Claffitt'd march through the crowd that'd give way 'fore her that fight'd be inadin'ly postponed. That's what it would be.

"But she never had the first word to say 'bout herself. No one knowed if she was a widder or not, or if she had children, or who or what she was. She was a kind of a woman that, somehow or other, you couldn't ask questions of, an' couldn't have suspicions 'bout. You took her just like you'd take a clean, fresh, shinin' new dot right from the mint.

"But now it allers seemed to me that that woman was lookin' for somebody. The day she rid up with me on the stage there wa'n't a man or boy on the road that she didn't see—and see good too.

"An' I never took a stage load o' passengers to her house in my life that she wa'n't out an' stavin' sharp an' every sharp 'em. Then she'd go round on the hills 'moun' the men at work there, an' I tell you she saw all o' 'em. Sometimes when all my passengers'd be out o' the stage I've seen that little quiver come so pitiful for her lip, an' there'd be tears in her eyes; but I never let on to her or any one 'bout it.

"Why, sir, that's what that woman was, an' hardly ever any passengers, Myra Claffitt got restless-like, an' talked o' goin' away. But the boys they just wouldn't hear to it. So it happened that she was the last as well as the first woman in O-Be-Joyful.

"The camp it began to wink out purty fast (the miners never was no good) when I druv up there one Saturday, an' in jumpin' down from my seat on the stage my foot kind o' turned in like, an' first thing I knowed there I was on the ground with a broken leg.

"Well, sir, that Myra Claffitt give me the best bed in the house an' took care of me like as if I'd been a baby. I'd laid there over a month, and in that time the bottom had about dropped out of O-Be-Joyful, an' most o' the men was feelin' mighty blue and desprit-like, as men will feel when they've been cheated or deceived or turribly disappointed. 'Bout this time some claim-jumpers begun to show up 'round the only claims that showed any signs of 'mountin' to anythin'.

"Now, you know, sir, as well as me, that how claim-jumpin' affects a lot o' miners that's worked hard for what they've found. You know a decent miner hates a claim-jumper like he hates pizen. They're dogged like game, an' show no mercy when found. When it got out that there was claim-jumpers 'round O-Be-Joyful, an' set the men on fire. They was feelin' kind o' reckless, anyhow; so they met an' formed a reg'lar vigilance committee, an' made vows an' took oaths that they meant to stand by. But I tell you they kept mum 'bout it 'fore Myra Claffitt.

"One o' the boys come to me one day an' aspeared to me that they was on the track o' one o' the worst o' the claim-jumpers an' they thought they'd run 'im down that night.

"An' if we do," says he, "there'll be a hangin' 'ere fore daylight, sure as you're born. There'll be no earthly escape for the villain. But don't you, fer your life mention it to her," says he, jerkin' his thumb over his shoulder to 'ard the kitchen where Myra Claffitt was singin' at her work.

"After supper every man left the house an' that left me alone with Myra. She got some sewin' an' come an' set down by me in an uncommon lively humor, even for her that was always smillin'.

"She sat there laughin' an' chaffin' in her cherry way an' once in a while she sung parts o' songs like 'Jesse's Lover' o' my 'Soul' an' 'Rock of Ages, Cloft for Me.' Finally she got more sober like an' sez part o' most an' awful purty song 'bout bein' 'nearer my home than ever I've been before.' There was one part that said:

Free an' from rock to rock in the darkness, faintly and tremblin' and prayin', likely, if he never prayed afore. It seemed to me I could see the poor wretch glidin' an' creepin' along an' them men with murder in their hearts after him.

"But Myra talked on an' on until I couldn't stand it any longer, an' made believe I'd gone to sleep just to have her shut up 'bout them fellers that didn't deserve half the good things she said 'bout 'em.

"She thought I'd really gone to sleep an' so she stepped softly over to the fireplace an' stood there with one elbow restin' on a brick of the chimney, an' her cheek in her hand. She looked uncommon pale an' old an' carworn as she stood there with the light of the fire shinin' up in her face.

"An' while she stood there I saw the cabin door open very slowly an' carefully an' a man's face thrust in; an' I tell you, sir, that I, who have seen men turn pale, an' ghastly, even, with fear; I never, sir, seen such a face as that was that came peekin' in behind the door. It was like that of the dead, an' his eyes seemed to be on fire. He laid a tremblin' hand on the knob, stepped in an' softly shut the door.

"Myra turned slowly 'round, an' in a second that man was at her feet.

"Oh, madam! madam!" he fairly screamed, grabbin' her hand, 'save me! save me! Hide me, quick! I am hunted like a beast! Men with murderous hearts are in pursuit. They cannot feel mercy or pity! You, woman, can. They will hang me to the nearest tree if they find me. Save me, save my life, guilty an' sinful as I am!

"I never took my eyes off that woman's face for a second, after that man began to speak. There come over her such a look as I can't tell you of. An' all the time that man was whinin' an' pleadin' she kept steppin' back a little at a time, but her eyes never left his face.

"I reckon he thought she was goin' to give him up to his enemies, for his voice sunk down to a moan that was pitiful to hear. He put out his hands as if he was beggin' for mercy, an' fell face downward, grovelin' at her feet.

"There was dead silence for full a minute, an' in that time Myra kep passin' her hands over her eyes like a person comin' out of a heavy sleep. Her lips kept movin' but there was no sound. At last she spoke four words, an' the man was on his feet as quick as lightning. The words were:

"John Claffitt, my husband!"

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No More Flirting.  
Chicago Herald.  
"No more flirting with me, boys," remarked a drummer to a set of his acquaintances as they smoked and chaffed on a Lake Shore train. "I used to go without smoking when I was dyin' for a cigar just so I could go in the ladies' car. But I'm cured. On my last run into Chicago I met a nice young lady. She was agreeable, and of course I made myself as nearly so as possible. Had a very pleasant half hour with her before we reached the station, and of course when we got there I asked her if there were any parcels I could carry, and if I shouldn't call a carriage for her. She smiled lovingly and said I might help her if I would be so kind. Then she pointed to the seat right behind where we were sitting, and there were three babies, assorted sizes, asleep. She said they were hers. Well, I was in for it, so I picked up the two biggest ones, one on either arm, while she took the kid. We marched out and found a carriage, and I put her in and was about to say good-bay when she smiled again, so good-bayingly, and asked me to get in. I couldn't refuse, you know, and so I went along. We drove out to the north end of Lincoln Park and stopped before a nice house. A man came running out, lifted on the babies, kissed them, lifted out the young woman, kissed her two or three times and told the driver he could go. Would you believe it, she was so spooney on that husband of hers that she never said good-bye to me, nor looked in my direction at all. And that ain't the worst of it. I had to pay the carriage hire myself, and lost half a day's time in a bargain. That married woman cured me of flirtin' as long as I live."

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**M. A. UPTON,**  
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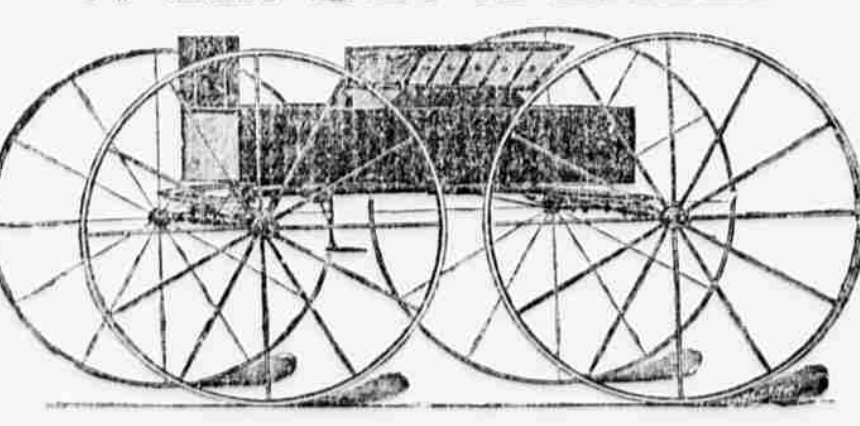
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